



Abattoir



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Chapter 1 by Deepika

Clarke Smith looked at the crumpled torch in his hands and felt perturbed. He was exasperated with his situation, being a village man Clarke had pushed his full life with the craving and intention of having many domestic animals in his village.

Particularly Clarke was very much over strung about his future and the pets he use to take care off. As Clarke was very much dolorous about this and also he had already hated by many persons in that village. So, that there came a duress of being alert with those persons.

He walked over to the window and reflected on his penurious surroundings. He had always loved damp Sleep ford with its pong, pongy parks. It was a place that invigorates his tendency to feel radiant on looking his domestic roaming around everywhere, but now everything turned out to be very unquiet.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Molly England. Molly was a heedless sook with short ankles and babelicious ankles.

Molly doesn't have any intention of making others relish all the time. She would always be in the mind set as, if she is happy then she would try to make everyone cosset.

According to her she doesn't like Clarke as if he was very much dexterous in his business and the only person who was having competition with molly. And so, most of the time Molly would try to defeat him by doing something and by incurring loss to Clarke.

The surreal and hideous Molly has changed in to fortuitous way with her attitude and behaviour. Clarke was noticing all these things but still again something hit badly to Clarke about the behaviour of Molly.

As Clarke was unhinged with gargantuan change with Molly, he was not in touch with her in

Julius and Molly did. The benevolent and loving of Molly towards him and most it would really looked different to Clarke.

In an serendipitous way every drop of the love of Molly with her and Clarke would able to see the ractions with his

Days rolled on in that way everything has turned change with Molly Clarke too relaxed and set free with Molly as she was phenomenal with his pet and not to get pique with these things.

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That was the last day Clarke had seen his pets with Molly. The next fine morning there has been whacking changes with Clarke's life. That situation made him desolate and jittery. Clarke had a feel as if he was trapped with something which is very difficult to get from that. He decided to find out what was the real thing happened, there started the journey of Clarke. By some way Clarke found the real cheater of him and that was Molly. Clarke gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. Molly was a patient, ruthless, wine drinker with greasy ankles and tall ankles. His friends saw him as a mutated, miniature Muppet. Once, he had even brought a splendid deaf person back from the brink of death. But not even a patient person who had once brought a splendid deaf person back from the brink of death, was prepared for what Molly had in store today. Any way there come a clearance with the behaviour of Molly and Clarke could see his pets with Molly. With happy glint in his eyes and went near Moll to meet his pets. And then Clarke finally came to know about the truth that Molly was the person who was working in the butchery. Clarke was stupefy and claimed up all her things about his pets. At first Molly repudiate to inform that to Clarke, but after some time she revealed about his pets. She finally admitted the truth that the way she behaved with Clarke at first. Every pet was sold out in butchery and Molly gained a high amount in that. That was her job of collecting the huge number of animals and that too with high growth and hygiene. The clouds danced like eating puppies, making Clarke irritable. As Clarke stepped outside and Molly came closer, he could see the cool glint in her eye. "I am here because I want my pets back with me," Molly bellowed, in a hungry tone. She slammed her fist against Clarke's chest, with the force of 494 foxes. "There is no chance of bringing them again and they all have used for the work of butchery, Clarke Smith." Clarke looked back, even more peckish and still fingering the crumpled torch. "Molly, Is that real and so this is the final decision of you, you people even don't allow me to see my pets," he replied. They looked at each other with jumpy feelings, like two knowledgeable, kaleidoscopic kittens eating at a very virtuous Valentine's meal, which had indie music playing in the background and two stingy uncles rampaging to the beat.

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without knowing what would be the resolution for this.

As if the unrelenting hit his mind in incongruous way he was ready to face whatever the problem would come and face him. Then Clarke decided to rescue the rest of the animals who were struck inside for the improper use of the animals.

At the end Clarke by having him in peril rescued all the other animals from the danger and felt cherish of doing this.

Clarke could actually hear Molly's body shatter into 4849 pieces. Then the selfish coward hurried away into the distance.

Not even a glass of wine would calm Clarke's nerves tonight.

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